



BY BRUCE "SICK" BOYD ©

# JERSEY BEAT

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WEEHAWKEN, NJ 07087

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"Citizen Cosloy" AND THE DAILY WEEKLY MONTHLY<sup>V</sup> CONFLICT

BEHIND THE SCENES  
AT NYC'S HOTTEST  
SCANDAL SHEET...  
GERARD LAYS OUT  
ADVICE TO THE  
WRITING STAFF

JACK, BABY, DON'T BE  
AFRAID TO USE THE  
WORD "FAG"--THAT'S  
WHAT IT'S THERE FOR

YES SIR, MR.  
COSLOY!

JOHN, THIS REVIEW LACKS PUNCH--  
SUGGEST THAT THE BAND MIGHT  
HAVE AIDS FROM BLOWING JACK  
RABID, OR SOMETHING

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SHARPENER ANYWHERE?



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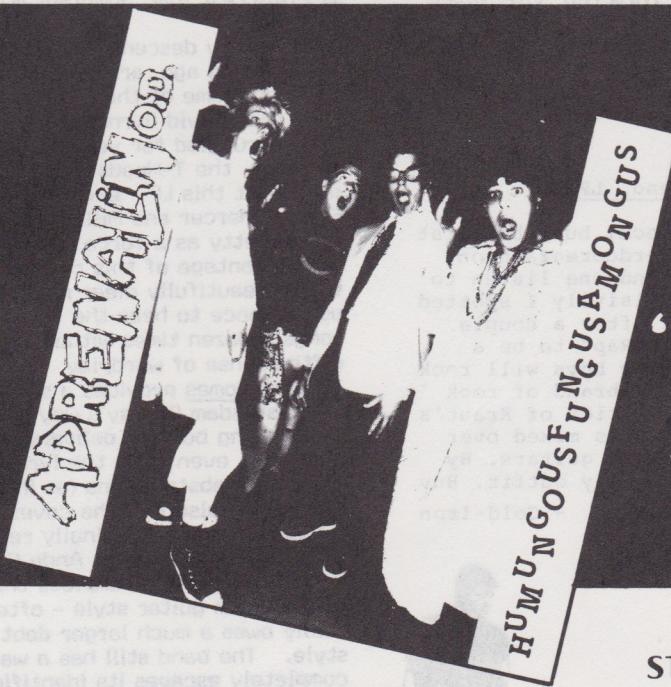
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# NJ'S GOT IT

**STETZ**  
Songs Of Experience, LP  
 Russo Syndicate Records  
 Box 6141, Union, NJ 07083

Stetz couldn't have found a better title for their debut LP; not only are there a lot of songs (18!), but Stetz has quite a bit of experience under its collective belt. The band's been slugging away since there was a NJ h-c scene, and has finally reached the conclusion that hardcore is a dead-end genre, which means that the 2nd (and much better) side of this LP explores Stetz' new direction: Out of the pit and into the Garage.

Side 1 (called Side Aristophanes) still thrashes around with some quality mosh: "IOU" is funny, with fast & slow parts, and some catchy guitar. "Kean College" takes a good-natured poke at one of NJ's most esteemed institutes of higher education, and "Beach Party Fun" is a wild surf tune.

Flip the disc over to "Side Bodacious" and Stetz turns into a garage band, but the slower (not, mind you, slow) tempos give the band a chance to stretch a little instrumentally and work up even catchier songs. The lyrics remain clever throughout. The LP rocks to a great finish with a groovy copy of the Knickerbockers' "Lies" straight off of Nuggets, a song notable for proving that Brian Sommer actually can sing in tune when he wants to. Lito DeLeon on lead guitar keeps his solos short and sweet, drummer Wayne Russo is - like most rock 'n roll stickmen - the backbone of the band, and Frank Mehringer not only turns in some thumpy bass work but some cool keyboard action as well. Anyone looking for some good, grungy garagey rock and roll that doesn't go overboard on the paisley and polka-dot affectations should check out Stetz.

- Jim T.

**TONY DILEO**  
**SPUNKY-**  
 drums, vocals

**Mr. KEN SEELY-**  
 bass, vocals,  
 out-takes

**GUMBY-**  
 guitar, vocals,  
 alcoholic consumption

**NEWD**

Harry Tracey Is Dead, LP

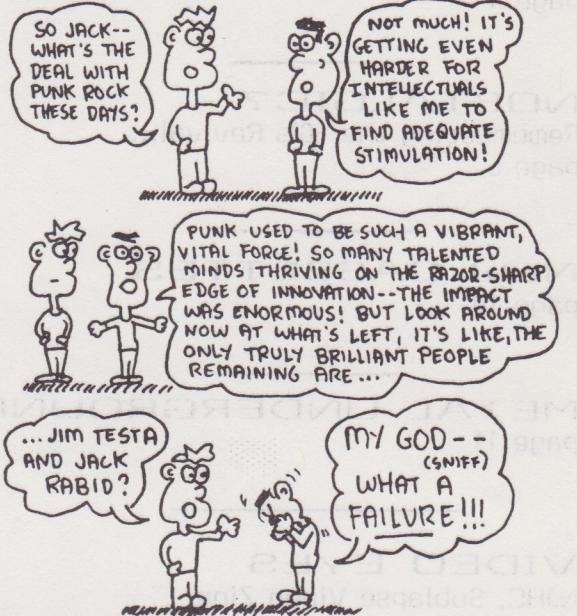
Forefront

Ok, call me a redneck, but the first glance at Newd's nerdcore fashion, gweebish artwork, and one listen to "Newd Rap" and impulsively I spotted a shitty band. But after a couple spins, I find "Newd Rap" to be a fluke and dese Joisey boys will rock yer nuts off. Newd's brand of rock 'n punk resurrected memories of Kraut's 1st LP - coarse anthems mixed over traditional NYC raunch guitars. By far not a typical Joisey outfit. Buy or fry, scrotum breath!

- Cold-Iron

## KEEN-O! **JERSEY BEAT**

IN "JACK RABID'S MID-LIFE CRISIS!"



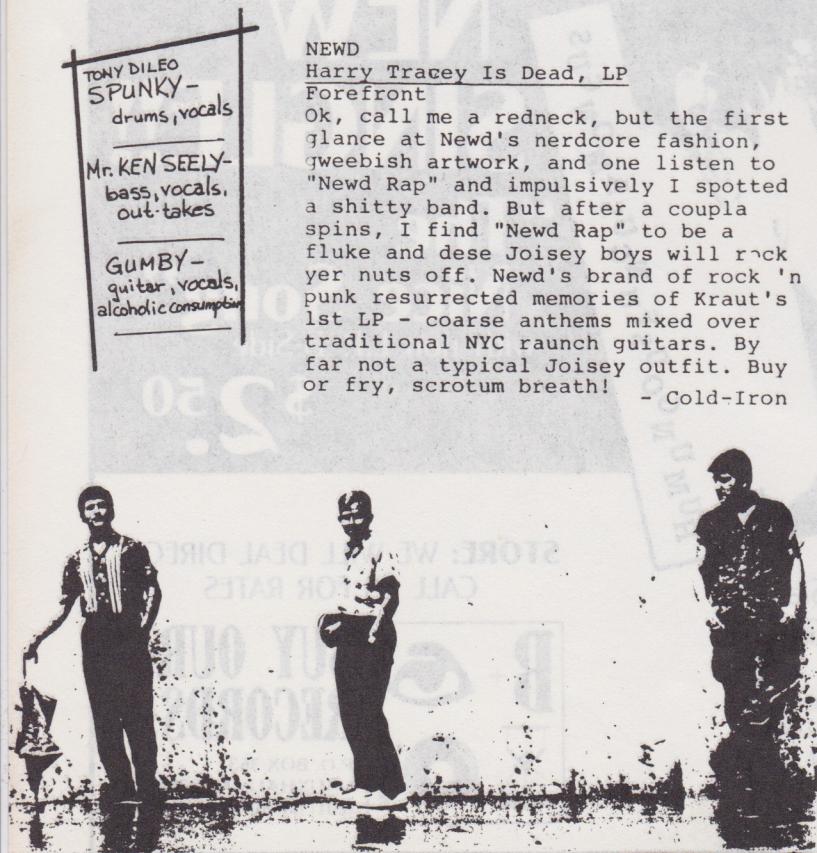
**SPIRAL JETTY**  
Tour Of Homes, LP  
 Incas Records  
 225 Hillcrest Ave. Somerset NJ 08873

Spiral Jetty descended on the New Brunswick club scene a few years ago, arriving from someplace just north of Haledon (home of the Feelies) and just south of wherever it is that David Byrne learned to be weird. The Jetty's have struggled for years to overcome their influences - early on, the T-Heads and Feelies comparisons were crippling. But this LP - even with four songs produced by Feelies Mercer and Million - goes a long way to establishing Spiral Jetty as a force of its own.

One advantage of this record over the band's live sets is the beautifully clear production, which finally gives us a chance to hear the lyrics. I'd heard most of these songs a dozen times without ever appreciating the band's gifted sense of wordplay. With the lyric sheet enclosed, Tour of Homes provides a showcase for guitarist/lyricist/vocalist Adam Potkay's way with words. It's not only the songwriting but the delivery too; Potkay has a patent on sincerity, even when the lyrics dip into obtuse imagery or playful abstractions (as in the songs of the early Bongos). I also like the cover of "It Doesn't Matter Anymore," a Paul Anka song originally recorded by Buddy Holly.

Spiral Jetty is a trio - Andy Gesner on bass and Dave Reynolds on drums complete the lineup - and Potkay's lead/rhythm guitar style - often compared to the Feelies - really owes a much larger debt to Holly, who invented the style. The band still has a way to go before Spiral Jetty completely escapes its identification as those "suburban nerds" (thank you, Jim DeRogatis), but lines like, "I shut the lights/and you're my America" go a long way toward infusing these three nerds with a very special style - more feeling than the Feelies, less eccentric than the Talking Heads. I'd thought these songs were so familiar that I'd never be swayed by them again, but I keep playing Tour Of Homes and haven't tired of it yet.

- Jim T.



by Jim Testa

### ANTIETAM

Music From Elba, LP

Homestead

It's virtually impossible to describe Antietam's 2nd LP in words, and simply running down a list of the kinds of music represented on the album - the desperate critic's ploy of last resort - can't begin to do justice to this band's diversity. There are hayseed c&w licks that segue into Gregorian chants; hardcore-fast mosh guitar chaos and vocal leads that approach opera in their purity and range. This is a band that recognizes no limits to what they can do in a song; and yet, for all its grand vision, Music From Elba is profoundly unsatisfying.

Antietam, recorded cheaply and mixed hastily, was never meant to be more than 8-track demos, but was released nonetheless as the band's debut LP. The album's muddy mix and sloppiness do make it a messy affair, but Tara Key's frenetic chordings and banshee vocals, backed by (since-departed) Mike Weinert's chaotic drumming, kept any notions of Art-Rock at bay; art-rock does not usually sound like something constantly threatening to fall completely apart. Music From Elba has been exquisitely produced in a hi-tech studio by producer Albert Garzon; every note rings clarion clear, every word of every lyric intonated distinctly. This is not necessarily a plus for a band whose songs often ramble on in psychedelic monotones or juxtapose weird images with shopworn pop banalities, all set to the beat of wildly asynchronous double-basses and dissonant harmonies.

While care & money have been lavished on the production, the songs often sound unfinished, as if they were recorded before the band had a chance to work them out fully on stage or in rehearsals. Most songs just start and stop, and don't sound arranged; and too many take off into extended directionless jams which do less to display the band's musicianship than tax the listener's patience. It's been compared to Beefheart but their approach reminds me more of Zappa - dissonant jazzy interludes that meander without focus, without helping to define the song; art-rock for its own sake. Songs like "Until Now" and "Good Life" are dizzying in the breadth of their styles and rhythms, but Antietam's core has gone soft. Where once this band made the bloodiest racket since the Civil War, they're now the artiest prog-rock band on a small label. As much as I like the people in this band, and as mesmerizing as Antietam can be live, I just can't subscribe to the theory that bringing back the days of Hawkwind and Renaissance is anything like a good idea.



## ADRENALIN O.D.

ADRENALIN O.D.

"Nice Song..."/"Godzilla"  
Buy Our Records

A.O.D. go pop?!? Wow! While the usual rip-roaring guitars wail through our collective psyches in "Nice Song In The Key of D," there is an actual cool & catchy melody at the center. Strange but true - this is a real happy tune. Not only that, but there's some fine uplifting background vocal harmonies, right out of the old-school rock tradition. Could this be a silly hit, the crossover tune that NJHC so desperately needs? I'm only kidding...and so are they.

The flip is more like it, a throttling instrumental masterpiece that shits on all the competition, punk or metal. This is the real thing, as intense as it gets. The stuff from which legends appear... We begin in a thick funereal dirge, totally deep, dark & sinister. A Japanese radio announcer at the bottom, a high-pitched siren at the top. We hear Godzilla in the background, being tortured by them AOD sonic guitars. Too much even for Him.

When the tune kicks into high gear, the pounding rhythm team of Steeples & Scott & double guitars of Paul and Bruce shred everything into a complete blur. Each time I play this LOUD in my apartment, the local cats hiss, dogs howl, posters howl, and paint peels! Even though Godzilla is pictured giving AOD the hot foot on the clever pic sleeve, he don't stand a chance. You have been forewarned!! Watch out for the LP to follow!!!

- Bruce Gallanter



### EASTERN BLOC

"Wall To Wall," EP  
Chetnick

Guitarist Ivan Kral left Shaun Cassidy's employ to slick up "rock poetess" Patti Smith's act and eventually penned the lugubrious hit "Frederick" for her, then it was off with Iggy for the two worst albums of his career. Last year, John Waite had a "smash" with Kral's "Every Step of the Way." Now there's this EP - every bit as predictable as a soap's script. Lotsa pop'n rock cliches trotted out in the most obvious, straightforward, uninspired manner imaginable. This is a textbook case of aesthetic Alzheimer's Disease if there ever was one. (30 Paterson Ave., New Brunswick, NJ 08901).

- Howard Wueifing



# WHATEVER HAPPENED

THE OPTIC NERVE  
"The Optic Nerve 3-song EP"  
Cryptovision  
PO Box 1812, NYC 10009

What The Optic Nerve have captured here almost perfectly is L.A. '65, the mel-lower side of the riot on the Sunset Strip crowd. Lots of cool, jangly guitars and vague doses of psychedelia make for some really good listening. My personal fave is "Mayfair," which could replace any cut on Surrealistic Pillow and not seem out of place. This is one of the better examples of a side of the Sixties that gets passed over quite a bit in favor of garage-punk.

- Larry Grogan

## the optic nerve



Are The Thursday Club the last mods in NJ? Well, they're the last band in the state with the nerve to pose in parkas, anyway... Fronted by the Wojciechowski brothers, Dave and Robert, with Tim Granda on drums, the group has a fine 9-song demo out brimming with quality 60's-ish originals: "The Wishing Well," a Mersey-beat poptoon that should have the Mosquitos looking over their shoulders; "If She's Home," the 'Club's homage to Byrdsy folk/rock; "Blue Monday," which proves these guys have no fear of ballads; and "Flowertime," with a vocal so nasal that it'll have visions of Peter Noone dancing in your head in no time. Is the Thursday Club a real band? I hear you ask. Ahem. They've yet to play a real club - unless you count The Bike Club, a/k/a Martin's basement in Lincroft, a psychedelically altered rec room that doubles occasionally as a club for underage teens. And they don't really make "the scene" much, being, as they are, too young to be admitted into most gin joints. But then, the Beatles didn't gig much either after '66, did they? Bottom line, mates? Never mind Mod Fun, here's The Thursday Club.

## Thursday Club

THE PHANTOM FIVE  
N.J. CAVE TEENS!  
UNGOWA!!!

PHANTOM 5  
"Great Jones Street" EP  
Making Tyme  
131 W. Passic St., Maywood NJ 07607

When we reviewed the Phantom 5's first demo, we raved about everything but the tinny 4-track production. "Why not get Mick London to produce the next session?" we suggested; and they did. The results turned out so well that the band had the 4-track trax mastered into this 4-song EP. Hey, it's about time somebody took our advice! And so we present...the Phantom 5 (all four of 'em): Larry Grogan, with his Iggy-Meets-Sky-Saxon vocals and PATH train percussion; brother Chris' zippy lead guitar; kid brother Vinny on bass; and buddy Bill Luther on rhythm guitar. Producer Mick has concocted a wall-of-guitars onslaught - pretty hefty-sounding for a 4-track portastudio affair - that includes the infectiously snotty "She's Not," a pair of surprisingly effective ballads, and for that added dash of irony, "So You Wanna Be A Rock N Roll Star." Incidentally, the Grogans publish the 60's scene 'zine Incognito, while Luther publishes another modzine, Smashed Blocked. And we all know fanzine editors have the best bands. "Great Jones Street" is what indie EP's are supposed to be all about - a fast, fun-filled shot in the arm. Dis is a trip. Diggit.

## R.I.P.

Fleshtones  
Mod Fun  
The Dive  
Secret Syde  
99th Floor  
Tryfles  
The Big Combo  
Making Tyme

All of Mike Stark's bands  
Zantees  
Stranger Than Fiction  
Fuzztones

# To THE '60's REVIVAL?

## WHAT'S LEFT?

### THE TRYFLES

"Your Lies"/"When I See That Guy," 45  
Midnight

A highly effective last gasp from one of the most inconsistent of the NYC garage combos. This 2-sided powerhouse almost makes up for some of the truly lame shows this band offered in the months leading up to their demise. If you're from out of the area and were spared this spectacle, this well-played single will (perhaps inaccurately) stand as a memento to what could have been a great garage band. Aside from a stolen Chocolate Watch Band riff, these two songs kick from start to finish. Perhaps their upcoming LP on Midnight will be as good, proving the Tryfles to be a studio band (maybe Steely Fuzz??).

- Larry Grogan

THE SPLATCATS  
Sin 73, LP  
Moving Targets/Celluloid

The Splatcats have a few things going for them: They're from Buffalo, not NYC; they've signed with a very hot new label; and they're at least as punk as they are Sixtiesish. This LP - a strong followup to their bargain-basement debut EP - kicks off with "Second Fiddle," in which lead singer Shaggy Faust trumpets, "We got a fuzzbox and we know how to use it!" And that they do, for 10 raunchy and rockin' primal punktoons that inject a high-powered dose of Iggy-esque adrenalin into bubblegum, surf, and Dolls-derived rock 'n roll. They are not above being cute or coy when it suits them, and Shaggy's wildman monotone wailing gets to be a bit grating; on the other hand, there isn't a dull 30 seconds on the record and the cavetone set should eat it up. As a footnote, Yod 'The Mod' Crewsy has quit the band (to become a schoolteacher, of all things) and the band has traded his twangy Rickenbacker for the raunchier Fender punch of a familiar face from Hoboken named Angel. Kowabunga! - J.T.

MAN  
EATERS



### MANEATERS

I haven't seen this all-female combo since their earliest gigs, but back then, they were all looks and no songs. Or rather, they had a whole set of originals and covers, all in the same key and all vaguely blues-based. A more samey-sounding and boring bunch of groovy looking chicks, these eyes have never seen. Familiar faces from the Podz, Tryfles, and Outta Place fill the stage, but no matter how much their eyes say, 'Yes, yes,' your ears will answer, 'Play something else!' - J.T.

### THE SECRET SERVICE

These Long Island lads comprise the most promising 60's combo left on the scene. Their sound is all bottom - the best bassist in NY, thumpin' steady drums, and the outta-site vocals of stately Wayne Manor. They make girls swoon, guys dance, and grizzled old rock critics sit up & take notice. And of course, they can't buy a record contract.

### LORD JOHN

NJ's most psychedelic outfit have a record on Bomp/Voxx that will hopefully be released before Halley's Comet comes back around. In the meantime, they remain one of New Brunswick's hottest club draws, a solidly rockin' group that knows how to use a guitar solo.

### MAD VIOLETS

Cool guitarist, lame songs, and Keith Streng on drums. And of course, your hostess, Ms. Wendy Wild, on lead vocals and shtick. This is probably what passed for a swingin' 60's band in the Catskills - in 1974.

### LOVE DELEGATION

Peter Zaremba, Keith Streng, Wendy Wild, an overaged go-go boy on backup vocals, a humpy Cuban conga player - gosh, don't this sound like fun? Sounds more like Rex Reed's campiest nightmare to me. This "band" got a record deal when the Fleshtones couldn't, which is only a slightly bigger joke than the band itself. And if you pay to see this swish sideshow, kiddo, the joke is on you.

### BLACKLIGHT CHAMELEONS

Dino Sorbella is a nice guy, and a fine guitarist, but he's about as much of a frontman as William Shatner is a tap dancer. Beam me up, Scotty.

### HEADLESS HORSEMEN

When Ira Elliott was drumming for this band, there was at least one reason to see them. Ira isn't their drummer anymore. 'Nuff said.

### RAUNCHHANDS

A 60's band only by association - Mike Mariconda works at Venus Records, etc. - which is why they stand the best chance of being the next NY band to go anywhere. I find their new LP problematic but their live shows are non-stop fun.

### THE MOSQUITOS

"That Was Then, This Is Now" is a bona fide smasheroo, and places these Long Island mop-tops squarely in the tradition of other great Monkees ghostwriters like Carol King and Neil Diamond - Tin Pan Alley hacks who can write for dough. Conversely, in recent months these guys have become one of the most boring live bands in town, almost guaranteeing them a major label deal in no time.

### THE VIPERS

No band better symbolizes the decline & fall of the local 60's scene. Once the Vipers were THE hottest combo in NYC; today, they're reduced to a Thursday night at Tramps. Will the imminent release of their 2nd LP spark The Vipers' big comeback? Stay tuned, sports fans.



Mod  
POW!



I  
WANT YOU  
NEWD

# CHEEPSKATES

Even if Herrera was the more visible Cheepskate, Faubert was not without his own charisma - like the time he did a backflip over his keyboard at The Dive. That was a one-time event, but his Farfisa was known to collapse at almost every show. "I just liked it when it fell down," he says. "It was kinda fun."

Although still primitive by today's Top 40 standards, the new LP is more textured than the sparse Run Better Run. The production is cleaner and the songs more diverse, ranging from tried-and-true melodic pop to daring, guitar-heavy rave ups. "On the first album, it was pretty obvious that everybody was just trying to kinda fit into the hole," Faubert explains, "whereas on the second album, we all veered off into our own directions. We didn't seem to care so much about keeping things toward the middle; we just became a bit more extreme."

New Cheepskates Larry Lozier and Jeremy Lee more than fill the shoes of their predecessors - tighter & more consistent than ever, the New Cheepskates may finally be on the verge of finding the wide acceptance they deserve. And, like Faubert says, even if they don't hit it big, there's always Pebbles, Vol. 108.

# NEW/D

The fellow with the funny haircut is named Gumby and he has been the prime mover behind Newd since 1982, when the band began as a 2-piece with synth drums & bass. Tony "Spunkey" DiLeo came along in '84 and Ken Seely joined to complete the lineup, and in '85, the boys met Muddy Mike Young of Forefront records and the rest is history. Newd's brand of Joisey funcore is loud & obnoxious and owes an obvious debt to the Godfathers of the Garden State HC scene, A.O.D. Spunkey's drumming is, well, spunky enough, and Seely provides a solid bottom on bass, while Gumby spends about equal amounts of his time hitting chords, screaming vocals, and drinking alcoholic beverages. Their LP comes with a nice lyric sheet that's covered with photos on the back, and the trio is supposedly playing out to support the record, so look for 'em. "With the new group, the writing style is a bit less obnoxious, but still very spontaneous," says Gumby. Still very punk too, not yer typical thrashers. (Sure, you could get hurt slam-dancing newd!).

**THEY'RE BACK**

by Dawn Eden

# CHEEPSKATES

During the 2 years since their debut album, Run Better Run, the Cheepskates have gone from being a great mid-Sixties-style garage/pop band to simply being a great band, without losing the sound that attracted their early fans. Along the way, there have been some casualties - late last year, the original drummer & lead guitarist both called it quits, but the Cheepskates have re-emerged onto the scene with a new lineup, and they're better than ever. Plus, nothing beats having a new LP in the stores, which is just the Cheepskates have with Second And Last, recorded shortly before the band's brief breakup.

The Cheepskates came together in late 1982, when lead singer Shane Faubert and guitarist David Herrera each responded to a Village Voice classified from bassist Tony Low and drummer Van Keith. The ad, recalls Faubert, "basically said, 'If you like the Pebbles series, give me a call.'"

One night a few month's later, the band went into a studio and recorded every original they knew: Herrera brought the tapes to J.D. Martignon, head of Midnight Records, who liked the "demos" so much he wanted to release them just as they were. According to Faubert, "J.D. didn't consider it a demo - he considered it finished."

Although the album didn't achieve as much popularity it deserved, Faubert isn't bitter: "The one thing I wanted to do was just do something that might wind up on Pebbles Vol. 108 in 1995 or something like that. That's the one thing that I've always wanted, and I think I already have that, so anything that happens from now on is okay because of the first album. I've fulfilled at least one dream."

During the Cheepskates' first incarnation, when Herrera played lead guitar and Faubert played Farfisa organ, some people noted how the two frontmen clashed: while Herrera was the let-it-all-hang-out guitar hero, Faubert was just peacefully pumping his Farfisa. Faubert saw the conflict as an asset, not a liability. "I really think that at the time, with me behind that thing David was the only person that had any charisma at all," he says. "I think that if I had not been playing the organ and had been playing guitar [as he does now], it probably would have been a little more balanced."

the new  
cheepskates



# SONIC INSANITY!

by Bruce Gallanter

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH  
Same, EP  
Homestead

Is this someone else's nightmare? These three young men are monster musicians, along the lines of Regressive Aid/Minutemen/Husker Du, but they do seem to have a nasty axe to grind. This is one of the scariest, most violent epics to come out of the progressive punk arena. They have absorbed so much sonic insanity that they must shit atomic bombs. This platter explodes all over the place, so beware...

Who could imagine that baby-faced Dave Rick, a short, mellow-looking fellow who could have easily just stepped out of a yacht club, would rip off one spine-tingling guitar solo after another?? Or that their ever-friendly, tall & smiling Bassist, Gerard Smith, would constantly be screaming bloody murder and pumping his immense bass-sound all over the place. Or even that their muscular but non-threatening drummer, John Coats, would be pounding with enough storm force to move those mountains (of noise)?

Lyrically, this EP is very condensed. The seemingly questionable ambiguity starts to make more sense after repeated painful submersion. Extreme ideas bounce off one another at close range, words spit out in paranoid bursts; the little games that life plays on all of us.

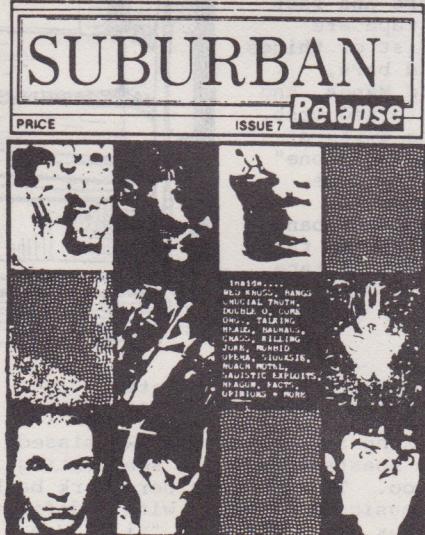
"Jack Of Phobias" features some of the most tortured screaming (by Ger) this side of Die Kreuzen. The Tollbooth trio steamrolls over everything in its way, soaring to one emotionally draining height, stopping on a dime, only to start once again building to new levels of startling psychotic eruption. "White Out" could actually be a power-pop tune, if the guitar(s) weren't so thick and relentlessly hyper-strumming, and if the vocals weren't so much in the din. There is an actual melody shining thru this superb rockin' mess, one that would probably be even more gripping if Rick's vocals were mixed more up front. The words are just right.

"Sweat Blood" is a transfusion - with molten lava! The guitar and bass are so massive that they appear as one solid souplike solution, sailing and wailing together. You can actually hear all the words on "Flip Your Lid," a unique balance of extreme juxtaposed elements, from the twisted jazz-like segment to the blasting metal boogie section. The galloping groove on "Ohm On The Range" is quite haunting; while the guitar and drums pound together in quick march, the bass pulls off a fine hypnotic central riff. It's an odd sort of romp to snap yo' fingers to. Dave Rick again strangles those strings like there's no tomorrow. Are them lyrics psychedelic babble? Who knows??

strings like there's no tomorrow. Are their lyrics psychedelic babble? Who knows?? Is "The Fuck" generic noise/punk? This is the only song that doesn't connect. But what 'the fuck,' that chorus does grab, and it does build to a masterful guitar explosion, so what 'the fuck!!' "More Paranoia" is just that and more, totally frightening! Commencing with mouth-foaming screams of insanity from vocals and guitar, then slowing down to an even more deranged passage, as Tollbooth friend John Seden lets his oscillator make alien mutant sounds, on top of Dave's overwhelmingly tormented guitar demolition: An electronic storm and dentist drill terror combining to blow us all away! With better production someday, these dudes could be IT!

away: with better production someday, these dudes could be it!

## FANZINE ... collector items



#1-4	sold out
5	\$2
6	\$3
7	\$2
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## WEEN

"Erica Peterson's Flaming Crib Death," tape  
Yucassettes

If the Angry Samoans were 15 years old, they'd be Ween. This tape chronicles the merry adventures of some very lively and funny kids, the chief mischiefmaker being Mickey Melchiondo of Yuck fanzine fame. It's mostly drums, guitar, and vocals, with a lot of silly business, invented words (my faves being "Boognish," Ween's very own philosophy, and "Nippy Waffles"), and horseplay. You can't really call this hardcore, although it is loud and usually fast; more like boobcore. Whether they're demolishing "Disco Inferno" or "Louie Louie," or screaming about their typical adolescent obsessions (boobs, drinking, etc.) it's all good wholesome fun. Hey, when these kids start yelling for their drugs, they mean Stresstabs. Mickey was sure I'd hate this tape but the joke's on him. If I were having a prom, Ween would be the band I'd hire.

- Jim T.

Yucassettes, 2 Cornwell Dr., New Hope, PA 18938. (\$3)

# (CASSETTES)

NATALIE WOODS POOL PARTY  
"7-11 On Sublevel 03," Demo cassette

NWPP are a great punk band from Staten Island. They've been around for about 10 months and play basic melodic punk as well as some fast tunes. Influenced by the Pistols, Social Distortion, and even speed bands like S.O.D., their demo tape is a good breakaway from the typical, over-played thrash around today. This stuff rocks!

Best tracks: "I Wanna Know Why," "A Stab In The Back"

NWPP, # Nick The Yak, 27 Hillcrest St., SI, NY 10308 (\$3)

# THE UNDERACHIEVERS

~~DEMO~~

WEEN - ERICA PETERSON'S FLAMING CRIB DEATH YC-7

B A L L Y H O O !  
the beat kit cassette

BALLYHOO! The Beat Kit Cassette

Various artists

Beat Kit, 597 Franklin/3, Columbus OH 43215

From Columbus, home of Great Plains and The Offense, comes this terrific cassette compilation of Amerockan bands. Production is first-rate on every cut and the mix of styles - leaning heavily toward post-REM guitar bands - makes for a very enjoyable listen. The tape starts off with Pianosaurus, NYC's all-toy band, and if you've never seen these bananas, you're missing something. They play plastic toy instruments and while it is pretty cute, they've got a load of super-catchy numbers and a lot of charm. Here they do a cover of "Soul Deep" that was produced by the dB's Peter Holsapple - hey, this cut is worth the price of the tape by itself but there's lots more, including a fine piece by NYC's Lone Cowboys and even a decent cut from Athens' wimpy One Plus Two (aka "Cosloy's Folly"). After a lot of droney but catchy guitar and synth pop, the cassette ends with Fact 22's industrialized cover of "Walk On The Wild Side." The tape comes with a clever set of flash cards with info and addresses on all the bands. Nifty.

- Jim T.

## UNDERACHIEVERS

"Skip The Salad," cassette  
c/o Sick Boyd, 1310 Lenape Trail, Manasquan, NJ 08736  
(\$3)

Punk's not dead, you just have to look a little harder for it these days. But South Jersey's Underachievers are a punk band, good solid Ramonesish guitars and fast funny vocals. Most of the 14 songs on this tape are of the "We're Pissed Off" variety, and the list of things they don't like it funny all by itself: salad bars, Reagan's dick, Jersey City, hospitals, Donald Manes, and more. The production is crisp, clear, undistorted mosh, with the vocals and drums dominating over the guitars and bass. There's a lively reading of "Stepping Stone" just in time for the Monkees Revival (or is that the Minor Threat Revival?) you've been reading about in People. With several members away at college, the band will probably be on hiatus for a while, but if they turn up in your town, see them. Or better yet, get this tape.

- Jim T.



## THE EXPOSED

"Mrs. B Is Barking At The Dog Again," cassette  
# Yosi Levin, 58 13th St. Silverton NJ 08753 (\$3)

Oops, another band from the Shore Core that we missed last issue! This combo boasts vocals and songwriting by our own Yosi Levin too. The 13 songs here hark back to my favorite kind of music - '77 punk, with a definite nod to the Clash, Jam, Sex Pistols, etc. "Billy Was A Geek" has a Ramonesish lyric but the music is pure "Gates Of The West"-period Clash. Rockin'. The band is Yosi on vocals, Michael on drums, Pete on guitar, and Scott on bass for most of the songs. Production sounds live-in-somebody's-baseball but ok. The guys can crank it up to hardcore tempo but their best stuff has a lot more going for it than most thrash - melody, a spark of wit, lots of energy, and a rambunctious rock'n roll dance beat. Never mind the Sex Pistols, here's the Exposed. Inspirational verse: "Who the fuck is Ronald Reagan?!!!" (Who cares?).

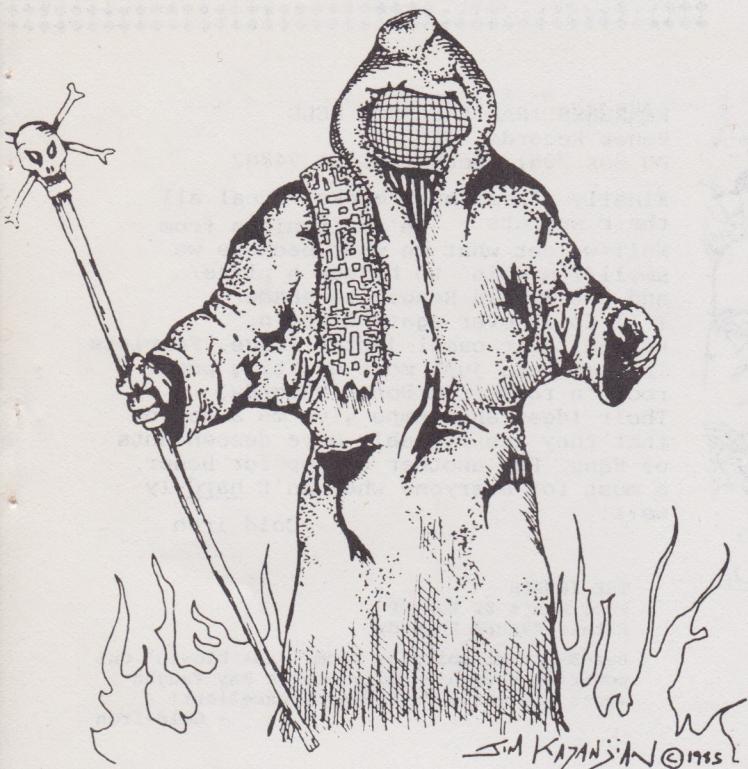
- Jim T.

EXPOSED ~~DEMO~~ Jabs

WEEN - ERICA PETERSON'S FLAMING CRIB DEATH YC-7

THE UNDERACHIEVERS ~~DEMO~~

# METAL UNDERGROUND



## SARCASM

"Warsong," Demo cassette

This demo totally rocks. It's one of the best I've heard in a while. 5 great tunes provide probably the best balance of h-c and speedmetal. Listening to the lyrics, you realize that the name describes them perfectly. The band is:

Animal - vocals

Rob Chase - ld. guitar

Scott Miller - guitar

Mike Malone - bass

Jim Williams - drums

Unfortunately, no address available.

Best track: "Back Off"

- John Lisa

## DISCHARGE

Grave New World, LP

Rock Hotel Records

740 Broadway, New York NY

This is not a record review, but a public service: Grave New World is a lame excuse for an album. In every song, I found rip-offs from various bands. The most prominent is Kelvin Morris' terrible imitation of Robert Plant; other cheap ripoffs of bands from Rush to Blue Oyster Cult to Def Leppard can also be heard. This band should stop writing and get a job on the Jersey Shore as a Led Zeppelin cover band.

- Mike

## T.T. QUICK

Metal Of Honor, LP

Island/Megaforce Worldwide

T.T. Quick is another band from the Megaforce stable to go to a major company (along with Metallica, Raven, and Anthrax). Metal Of Honor is the first material I have heard from them and it's more than I expected. They remind me a lot of early Accept and Led Zeppelin. They play straightforward hard rock and roll that is worth checking out.

- Mike

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# Cold-Iron

## RECORD REVIEWS

### FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL

Boner Records, 45  
PO Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702

Finally, these muck mucks reveal all their secrets - "We're Iranians from Hell/we get what we want because we smell/I'm goin' to hijack a plane/and put Ronald Reagan to shame/I'll do it over again & again." Behind their camel jockey image, Fearless Iranians are just more exciting power rock 'n roll from Boner Records. Their ideas and tempo give me a notion that they are probably more descendants of Fang. Pop another one up for Boner, a must for everyone who can't hard-ly wait!

- Cold Iron

### THE IDEALS

Poor Man's ZZ Top EP  
Matako Masuri Records

Bar-B-Q'n hillbillies from Texas blowin' out powerful raunch n roll, Stevie Ray Vaughn meets the early Buttholes...excellent!

- Cold-Iron



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**PEACE CORPSE**  
**Terror Of History, LP**  
**Toxic Shock**

Finally I get to hear the latest by Peace Corpse. I recall reading the CMJ New Music report - 'Peace Corpse Tales Of Terror' a future jackpot... The CMJ NMR is a dictating newspaper given only to those exclusive college wax twisters. Does the CMJ work? Well, those manipulating progressive DJ's are so up-to-date & keen with their scene, they'll go along with the CMJ cause if they do, they'll get a few backstage passes to personally meet the band...

Back to the Peace Corpse - there's been a few minor changes in personnel, they're back to wearing clothes, one more chord is added to their style, which makes a whopping grand total of 3 different chords in each song, and even a little keyboard action as well. But vocal William Sassenberger's voice is still predominant, still creating a sound similar to that of John Stabb on key... The bottom line is P.C.'s sound has matured (?) into a little more progressive jazz yet their original sound still shadows over all the remixing... You gotta be some sort of Neanderfuck not to get P.C.'s latest 12".

- Cold-Iron

**ANTIETAM**  
**"Until Now"/"Rain"**  
**Homestead, 45**

I still can't figure out if this is a 45 or 33 1/3. Played at 45 RPM, Antietam sounds a lot like Siouxsie Meets John Cougar Mellencamp on speed... loose Western brush wind. If played at 33, the banshee-like vocals turn into opera - alternative moans, music seems to flow smoother... reminds me a lot of Camper Von Beethoven, but still a big minus.

- Cold-Iron



**DAYGLOW ABORTIONS**  
**Feed USA Fetus America,**  
**Toxic Shock**

Violent ornery thrash from Vancouver, Canada. These guys hate everybody & everything - girls, dogfarts, hosers, parents, Wayne Gretsky, religious bums-fucks, the list never ends. Well-produced, somewhere between 20-25 songs, they seem like a hot live show but looking thru their portfolio, I see that Cretin (ld. atr. ld. vocals) alas cannot be with them, as he is serving an indefinite sentence in a heavily-monitored federal institution with only weekend and evening parole. Thrash will never die!

...but he might.

- Cold-Iron

## NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS



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# THE BOYS WITH THE GUITARS SAY, 'OH YEAH!'

## THE JOHNSONS

Break Tomorrow's Day, LP  
Fever/Restless

I really dig the sardonic edge to Adam Miller's voice, and Mike Morrison's guitar is the most concise and pointed since Peter Buck reinvented the word 'twangy.' As Miller's rueful alto detonates landmines of wit and emotion, the other Johnsons dig in with rich 4-D harmonies and buoyant rhythms, turning each of these carefully crafted songs into models of pop production. This is Glenn Morrow's best job as producer to date, maybe just because it's the best band he's been associated with in a while.

- J.T.

## DANCING HOODS

12 Jealous Roses, LP  
Relativity

The 'Hoods fall somewhere between Lou Reed & Nick Lowe in the ol' Sensibility Dept.: lyrics dripping with irony and cynical wit, muscular guitars, and a rhythm section that's tighter than Randy Now's wallet. Song ideas fall from the trees - inspired by fallen child stars, girl problems, world peace, you name it - and set to sprightly dancey tunes. If you were put off by the mock Hoboken soup of the Hoods' (Glenn Morrow-produced) debut EP, try this one - it's tougher, leaner, better focused, and still delivers all the pop per ounce that Maxwellites fancy.

- J.T.



## THE PELTED US WITH ROCKS AND GARBAGE

Compilation LP  
AfterHours Records

This is a masterpiece; no Side 2, just Side 1 and Side A, the old RoundTable solution, and right to do so. No egos here, just underground originals seeking places to play and vinyl action. New Small Appliances features Eric Toaster & Co. - trashing the skank and bringing back the Twist, beach swingin' fun! Diffi-Cult, and Riot Architecture. I could swear they were Richard Butler solo projects, both are cult singles. Reactions - 60's bubblegum pop, tight! Shadows Of Fear - ghostly voices mixed with voodoo rock 'n roil, and it works! Dark - Effigies-influenced, steady screams - on key? Offbeats - straightforward high-school thrash, makes you wanna shave your head again. And yeah, they got a couple big names as well - Spike In Vain and Death Of Samantha. The whole album was put together by those Cleveland ragmasters, yeah u no it, Negative Print. I can write a book on this...Cleveland's happenin'...Fuck it, I'm movin!

- Cold-Iron

## BITTER UPROAR

Live From CBGB's, LP  
Big City, 2329 Vance St. Bronx NY 10469

Let's face it, the only good thing to come out of boring ol' Staten Island was BITTER UPROAR and I still can't understand why Big City Records released this LP so long after the breakup of the band. But anyway, Bitter Uproar are raw, quick, and basically just good hardcore punk.

Their songs vary in style, from unrefined thrash to slightly out-of-tune mosh parts. It's all topped off with Jim Castranova's snot-nosed vocals, singing sarcastic lyrics about things around us.

But... the album lacks good production, which makes it fairly difficult to listen to. The live mix from CBGB isn't very good. In spite of these things, I think any hardcore fan will like the album, and the latest rumor is that Bitter Uproar are getting back together, and will be changing their sound to be more basic punk. Look out for them!

Best track: "Here's Our Plan"

- John Lisa

## DAVE WEBB

Blue Stereo Light, LP  
Slant

614 E. 14th, Davis, CA 95616

There seems to be some sort of conflict going on here - and since the artist and label are relatively unknown, the pressure is not from the outside but inside Mr. Webb. His voice could easily be crooning love tunes - and does for about half this LP. But this isn't his forte. There are more adventurous & darker tunes that stand out: in "Perfect Information," a slightly eerie feeling transcends and there's an effective use of a distanced voice. Throw in a catchy chorus, cool sax, and overall hypnotic groove for fine controlled weirdness from R. Stevie Moore-land. "Make No Mistake" features another sinister but mesmerizing groove, gripping vocals, superb Thomas Dolby-like synth sounds, and excellent production. A rather incongruent disc, but one which has just been picked up for national distribution and radio promotion by Important. Half of this is well worth checking yet; next time, David, go further out.

- Bruce Gallanter

## GBH

Midnight Madness & Beyond, LP  
Combat Core

GBH have returned with a new album and boy is it great. Colin & Co. continue pumping out some great metalized h-c that really rocks! The lyrics seem to be in the style of earlier GBH, but this album has a lot more leads in it, and Colin's voice is at its gruff best. If you like old GBH, you'll like this too. (However, I tend to find GBH boring live.)

- John Lisa



## LONE COWBOYS

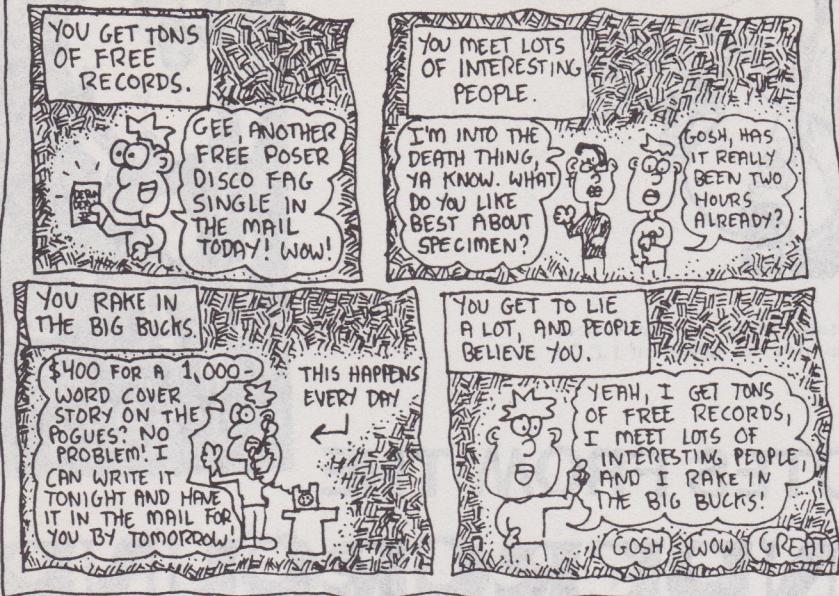
### LONE COWBOYS

Voodoo Dolls & Cadillac Fins, LP  
Caroline

This debut LP from NYC's Lone Cowboys came unexpectedly and unsolicited in the mail & took me by surprise. Anytime a droney guitar trio - NYC's most generic club-band sound at the moment - makes an impression, I am truly impressed. And this is an impressive debut: a gutsy Johnny Thunders guitar-grunge topped by snarly vocals and a rock-solid bottom. Even deducting two points for appearance - black cowpunk clothes from St. Marks Place, haircuts by Roto Rooter - this scores an 8.

- J.T.

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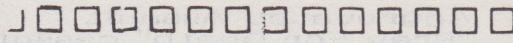
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**ASK THE  
ANARCHIST**  
by Yosi Levin

Dear Yosi,

I have just started high school this year and the older dudes make fun of me because I have a Mohawk. What should I do?

Little Feather

Oh, dear Tiny,

My heart weeps for you. You're obviously not on the football team so that's why they make fun of your hair. If you want to be a 'popular' guy, join the team. If you want to look different, consult your beautician. Everyone has a Mohawk! Get original, buddy!!

Dear Mr. Anarchist,

My girlfriend left me and when I piss, some slimy green stuff comes out. What's up?

Damaged Dong

Dear D.D.,

Your girlfriend split because she is a smart girl. She didn't want to get beat up when you found out she gave you a dose. You will be on penicillin for a while, like 2 or 3 years. If you survive, of course. You could always go down to your friendly neighborhood hospital and ask for a penectomy, but you might not like being called Donna.

Dear Sir,

I really need help. Nobody likes me. I don't know why - I try real hard. I publish my own fanzine and am the President of a very important local record company. So people should like me, or at least pretend they do. But lately...well, first my biggest act leaves me for some dinky California hardcore label, then my second biggest act starts calling me incompetent in six different interviews, and then I signed this '60's band from Cleveland who, when they got here on tour, turned out to be the most boring thing with guitars since the Cowsills. What can I do?

G.C.

G.C.

Dear Ger,

Have you ever thought about taking up knitting? One good sweater will make you a friend for life. And knitting partners are a lot easier to get along with than those assholes in bands. Face it, you're not cut out for this underground stuff. Get some self-respect and find a real job!

Dear Yosi,

I think I'm gay. How do I tell my family and friends?  
John Doe

Dearest Jan,

Yours is delicate matter. The best time to bring up this subject is at mealtime when everyone is busy enjoying their food. Just say, 'Excuse me, I have something important to tell you.' Then step up onto the dinner table, bend over, pull down your pants, and scream, 'C'mon Dad, pork me up the ass!!' (They'll understand.)

If you have no self-respect and can't find help anywhere else, write The Anarchist, c/o Yosi Levin, 58 13th St., Toms River, NJ 08753.

## Aggravated Assault "Pray For Death" cassette

There's probably nothing at all that I like about Aggravated Assault on this tape. It's a complete bomb. It's got bad production, loose musicianship, and lyrics that I've heard a million times before. The band consists of: Slaughter, vocals and guitar; Panik, bass & vocals; and Dugg, drums. A.A. should have thought twice before releasing this tape (which reminds me of a pre-pubescent VoiVod). Also the tape is 4 bux a copy. If you don't believe this review, send \$4 to:

Aggravated Assault  
211 Ingram Blvd.  
Hempstead, NY 11550

- John Lisa

## DIRGE, 8-song demo

From So. Jersey comes Dirge, a 4-piece HC band which rocks out totally. Dirge can play fast w/o losing tightness and w/o sounding too metallic. The band is made up of: Eric Tucker (of F.C.C.) on guitar; Jacko (of Fatal Rage), who often sounds like Superbikes-era Tesco Vee, on vocals; Hogar, on bass; and Dan on drums.

The songs aren't very long but they are very powerful, which makes Dirge's demo one of the Top 10 I've heard. Best track: "Screwed To Death."

Dirge, 5 Windsor Terr., Holmdel, NJ 07733. - John Lisa

## MAD BUTCHERS

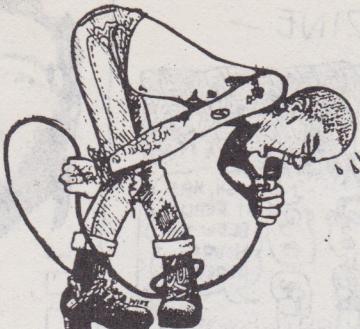
### "Here's The Deal" demo

This is the type of thrash that gives HC a bad name. It's clear to see that Si's Mad Butchers are 3 heavy metal kids who have come to the conclusion that hardcore is 'in' this year.

The deal with this demo is - the quality is good but the songs rip off DRI to every extent, and the Butchers can't play with the speed or precision of DRI. The songs are sexist, racist, and have nothing intelligent to offer. I'd think twice before buying this demo (at \$5 too!).

And after seeing them get booed off the stage at CBGB, I'm convinced the Mad Butchers should give it up.

- John Lisa



# NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

by John Lisa & Jim Testa

## A.P.P.L.E. "Neither Victims Nor Executioners" 8-song cassette

APPLE is an anagram for Anarchy, Pacifism, Peace, Liberty, and Equality and those ideals play a strong role in the band's music. (Members also publish the political 'zine, Counterculture). Too angry and forceful for pop, not thrashy enough for h-c, APPLE finds itself without an easy label to hide behind (I think they used to call this sort of tuneful, adventurous rock 'n roll 'Punk') and find it almost impossible to draw support from NYC's clubs, labels, or fans (a plight they chronicle verbatim - in the very funny "Fuck RCA [Do It Yourself]"). Jae Monroe's child-woman vocals are consistently alluring even at full rant; Vinny Gurr's powerchord guitar can turn even Dylan into mutant Ramonesque punk-rock, and Mike Millett's solid backbeats rock steady throughout. It's got a good beat and you can dance to it (without getting hurt); they give me the same sexy charge as Patti Smith Group, X Ray Spex, & Co. Oh Hilly, up yours.

25 Van Dam St., Brooklyn, NY 11222. - J.T.

## ED ANGER'S ARMY Demo cassette

This Morristown combo features WJSV deejay Dan X on vocals. (With guitarist Rich now away at college, the group is on an extended hiatus.) This is a 2-part demo: First a live set from The Showplace, with Dan doing his best Paul A.O.D. imitation on vocals, some funky bass/drums action, and lots of stop/start thrash chaos. They do need 3 tries to get "London Dungeons" right but hey, it's only rock 'n roll. Part 2 is a basement demo, with Dan now playing bass. The production is better and the band is smaller. Best song: "Irresponsible." Best song title: "Bob The Friendly Tumor." Sez Dan: "It's about a headache I once had." Gimme aspirin.

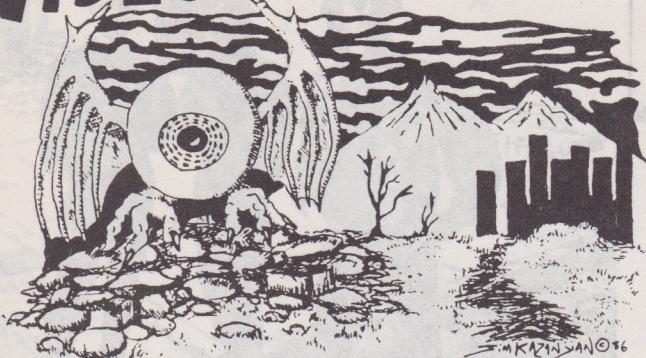
- J.T.

## COST OF LIVING 3-song 'cassette single'

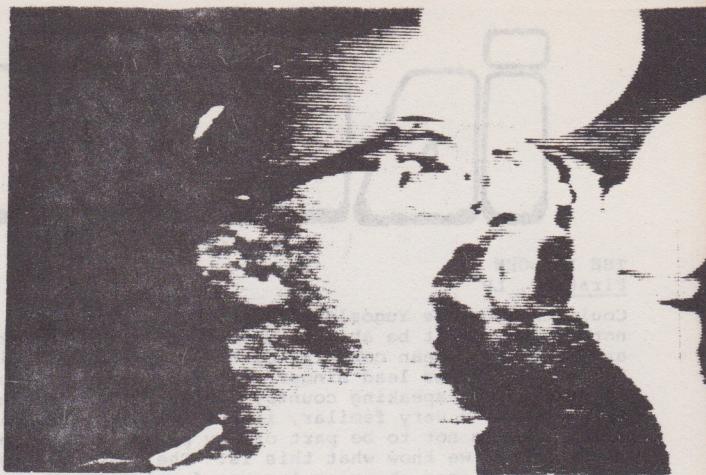
Apologies to Cost Of Living, whose demo has been gathering dust here at Jersey Beat Central since last Spring. We are (finally) pleased to report that this is a zippy young quartet with a happy, rockin' sound, lots of energy (especially in the group backup vocals, Oi!) and plenty of apple-cheeked enthusiasm. Matt Caws (gtr.), Marcelo Romero (gtr) and Dave Lorca (drums) each take a solo vocal turn on songs they each wrote, with my fave being Romero's "Can't Find The Answer" - plaintive teen-pop vocal, nice little harmonica bridge, and a crisp, catchy melody. One thing's sure about the Cost of Living - definitely going up!

- J.T.

# VIDEO



## EYES



SUBLAPSE VIDEO FANZINE #1  
Box 404825, Brooklyn NY 11240 (\$20)

Barry Stoltz, who used to publish Suburban Relapse in Florida, now lives in Brooklyn and has changed formats from a fanzine to video compilations. This first edition has a lot going for it - some cool live stuff from people like Charlie Pickett, the Psycho Daisies, and Redd Kross; interviews with underground filmmaker Richard Kern and Sonic Youth; a clip from 1/2 Japanese's amazing "Live In Hell" video, and a Nick Zedd short subject. Quality ranges from smoky on some of the live footage to excellent but it's all watchable. A very good first effort. Barry promises Volume 2 will be subtitled "Bitchin' Babes From Brooklyn" and feature "chicks who rock out, wrestle, read poetry, do art, make films, fuck...you know, all the usual stuff." I can't wait.

The following videos are all available from Peter DeMattia. See the ad in this issue for address and prices.

### LIVE VIDEO FROM CBGB'S (The APRC Benefit Show) 90 mins.

Bright colors, excellent sound quality, and a great show (which I missed due to a bicycling accident, so I'm esp. glad this event was videotaped). The bands: DAMAGE: Jammin' thrash guitars and cartoonish vocals. If the Tasmanian Devil (from the Bugs Bunny cartoons, remember?) could mosh, he'd sound like Damage.

CHILDREN IN ADULT JAILS: Primal artcore angst. A band born for video. Like drinking too much black coffee when you've already got a headache. Amazing.

ADRENALIN O.D.: Ok, first song, the Rollers' "Saturday Night," so you know they're feelin' loose. A hot set, nonetheless, unleashing some new songs and piledriving home some old faves, including a short set of classic '77 anthems. Punk rock lives!

SEIZURE: The good news is that the lead singer is a dead ringer for Muggsy on the Uncle Floyd Show. The bad news is that there isn't anymore good news.

TOKEN ENTRY: Hard-rockin' synthesis of hardcore crunch, metal guitar leads, and punk's vibrant melodies. Musically maybe the hottest band of the show. And they look pretty cool on video, especially when the skinheads start spraying them with Silly String.

### NEW JERSEY COMPILATION #1 (2 hrs.)

This tape consists of live club performances by several bands. Adrenalin O.D. at CBGB's last January is up first, and this is obviously one of DeMattia's first attempts at taping hardcore: the camera waves around distractingly, heads block the view in some shots, and the sound & picture quality is often quite muddy. It's the performance that matters, though, and this is a GREAT A.O.D. set, as endearingly sloppy and powerful as always. If you only know A.O.D. from their badly-produced thrash "Hi-Jinks" LP, this will be a revelation. I think they're NJ's best band right now. The Skulls, another Buy Our band, is up next, recorded in two shows at the Dirt Club. Here's a band that probably shouldn't bank their careers on video - they just don't look that good on film. But don't watch; listen. This is a GREAT punk band. Children In Adult Jails, also at the Dirt Club, turns in a disappointing set, not nearly as impressive as their performance on the APRC video. But this is still a band that should be experienced. Ed Gein's Car cranks it up next. Anyone who doesn't like this band should be confined to a resthome with nothing but Salem 66 albums for six months. 'Nuff said. And now...Pleased Youth: Andy's gone, Keith's on bass and vocals, and those two guitar guys, Paul and Doug, rule - and this is one band that looks as good as it sounds on video! The crappy Dirt Club sound system hurts a little but this is still way cool. Finally, Bedlam. Jim Dunleavy is the Handsome Dick Manitoba of the '80's. Need we say more?

### NJ HARDCORE BASEMENT

AOD, Skulls, Sand In The Face, Bedlam, and My 3 Sons recorded live in someone's basement, which gives DeMattia a chance to control the sound and lighting to his specifications. The results - a cleaner, higher quality video than some of the live stuff, but the sets suffer a bit from lack of an audience. Also, since DeMattia had the bands at his disposal, it might have been interesting to weave in some interview footage or even some fooling around instead of just taping the bands' performances. The big news on this tape is Sand In The Face, a combo that's been around about 5 years but sadly overlooked. Their new LP is being so roundly ignored that this video should be valuable exposure for them - they need it and deserve it. The tape ends with My 3 Sons doing a song in jock straps and diapers, a sight you can live without seeing, believe me.

### BAND TOGETHER (CBGB, July '86)

Filmed last summer at a Benefit for a local fanzine, this tape offers a lot of skinhead fun and action, with Rest In Pieces, Warzone, Ludichrist, and Straight Ahead all turning in hot thrash sets. Warzone, especially, has a ball onstage, at one point even handing off the bass to a big skin in the crowd so the guys in the band can get into all the diving and slamming going on. The sound and visuals (at least on my copy) aren't quite as good as on the APRC tape, but still better than on most of the Flipside videozines. Besides the thrash bands, there are good sets by Bedlam, Ed Gein's Car, and a new band, Far Back Deep. This was quite a show and the video makes for a good showcase for the NY scene.



# IDIOPEN

THE IDIOGEN  
First LP, LP

Could this be the Yugoslavian Meat Puppets? Without the liner notes, I wouldn't be able to tell that this nifty trio is from an Eastern European country, circa 1986. They sing in perfect English (!?!), as lead singer/guitarist Andrea Flegos grew up in the English-speaking country of Ghana. A strange background, yet this has a very familiar, if not long lost, feeling. Idiogen claim not to be part of any psychedelic underground, but c'mon, guys, we know what this is. The cosmetically-produced sounds of spinning, ever-changing layers of guitars and vocals, as well as the off-the-wall lyrics, both point in the same psychedelic direction. The band writes long, ever-evolving pieces, which are no problem for me, since I grew up digging the better elements of 70's prog-rock & fusion. I am sure that most short-attention-span punks would consider this rambling, but I feel right at home. There is a naive/innocent feeling that pervades this disc, esp. in "For Me," with its wonderful space-echo guitar and calming vocals. All of these pieces have nice moderate tempos that always take their time. "Snow drop" is the most laid back, unhurried, sluggish groove I have encountered since my last Dead gig. A truly dreamlike haze hovers and develops, as an amazingly thick/dark sustained guitar solo tells its story; quite Zappaesque. Although Flegos handles his Hendrix-like sonic borrowings with finesse, he should try and avoid them, since they've become contemporary clichés. Other than that, I look forward to future releases by these happening Yugoslavian space cowboys.

The Idiogen  
MCK Koper  
Gregorceva 4, 66000 Koper  
S.R. Slovenija, Yugoslavia

- Bruce Lee Gallanter

## all over

THE

S H Draumur  
10" EP from Iceland

Just what exactly this hot trio is singing about, I am unsure, since it is in their native tongue. There is a dark, oft-subtle passion in that voice, though. It has a certain punk edge, yet all four tunes here are mid-tempo or slower, yet no less effective for it: instrumental chops from Minutemanland, but much more subdued. Very well produced, as well. Once one adjusts to these slower but more focused grooves, it becomes easier to fall in. The int'l punk/pop music scene never ceases to amaze me.

Verdanumusik  
Alfholzvegur 30A  
200 Kopavogur  
Iceland

- Bruce Gallanter

THE BROKEN JUG  
"Grand Junction EP"  
Glitterhouse Records  
Lange Str. 41, 3471 Lauenforde  
W. Germany

"Glitterhouse" is an incredibly groovy German 6T's zine which routinely runs long appreciative articles about Amerockan garage combos like the Lyres and Slickee Boys (in German, of course). Now they've started a label and this 5-song, 7" EP is one of their first releases. The sound is smooth, sultry garage rock, with pretty harmonies and a graceful organ carrying the melody. It sounds a little like Plan 9 doing Doors covers; that L.A. groove that stops just short of funky but still gets under your skin without rockin' out, coupled with an irresistible forward momentum, even at slower tempos. This is a damn sight better than a lot of 60's rock I've heard on Bomp lately and the band is German. So much for "the American sound." Recorded and mixed on a homestudio 4-track, which makes it all the more remarkable. Listen to the bells - seek out The Broken Jug.

- Jim Testa



## ROCKIN'

LAIBACH, LP

The cover tells it all - a bleak pic of a limp (dead?) male suspended in the blackness of a wide crucifix. The back cover has the angel of death with a melted face, ax in hand, ready to swing against a darker background. Is this a statement on the sad state of contemporary religion?

We travel a third of the way around this planet, behind the Iron Curtain to Yugoslavia, only to find an LP that is not that different from the industrial landscapes of our own Amor Fati or SMERSH releases. Oppression seems to be universal, but those in Yugoslavia would seem to have greater need to express their rage.

The central force throughout is a relentless but often hypnotic drum-machine thundering. It so completely covers the lower sonic depths that an electric bass is not needed or missed. Although the drum machine is not distorted (as in SMERSH's music), it pounds our skulls inside out, an ominous force which grips us like an army of controlled sheep marching forward. It is consistently fascinating, with each cut evoking a certain dark area of existence. Both sides end with either sampled or tape-manipulated horns, which add finesse and strength to the proceedings. It looks as if modern recording technology has reached here as well. "Decree" sounds like the cosmic spasto funk of early Golden Palominos/H. Hancock. Once could even dance to this concoction.

They know how to lighten up, too - check out "My Brother," with its dreamy, drifting, lifeless drone. This is powerful, demanding music, so take the challenge.

- B.G.

## WORLD

## — SHORT TAKES —

### THE EXPOSED

"Mrs. B Is Barking At The Dog Again," Cassette  
% Yosi Levin, 58 13th St., Silverton, NJ 08753 (\$3)

This combo boasts vocals and writing by our own Yosi Levin. The 13 songs here hark back to my favorite kind of rock n roll - '77 punk, with a definite nod to the Clash, Jam, Sex Pistols, etc. "Billy Was A Geek" might sound Ramonesish but the music is pure "Gates Of The West"-period Clash. Production sounds live-in-the-basement but passable. These guys can crank it up to h-c tempo but their best stuff beats out thrash - more melody, more wit, lots of energy, and you can dance to it without hurting yourself.

- J.T.

### JUNGLE STUDS

Jungle Studs, LP  
Alternative Tentacles

The Jungle Studs are really 3 jungle bunnies plus one white jungle dude. It all ends up sounding like Bow Wow Wow Meets Soul Train. The 'Studs are Alt. Tentacles' answer to SST's October Faction: big names get together and choke. It makes me nauseous. "Virus 51" is malaria.

- Cold-Iron

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

Shadow Mouth: Compilation, LP  
Box 979, Asbury Pk, NJ 07712

Sort of a Who's Who and Where Are They Now? of South Jersey weirdness, with mostly poetry and some avant-noise instrumentals from semi-famous folks like Jon Davies (ex-Secret Syde), X-Men, WTSR dj Scott Lowe, Superfinemagneticparticle, and the legendary Laughing Soup Dish. If you're interested in where punk & poetry intersect, check this out.

- J.T.

### CARGO CULT

Strange Men Bearing Gifts, LP  
Touch N Go Records

Randy 'Biscuit' Turner, former singer of the Big Boys, has decided to hang up his bigtime wrestling shoes for a while and put together his nu Texan sensation, Cargo Cult. Their brand of jazzy voodoo rock 'n roll will be tempting to even more of those cult followers among us. For me, only a few drowsy quivers. Slow circus traveling terror. C

- Cold-Iron

Gang Green  
Another Wasted Night, 8-song LP  
Taang

So Gang Green wins Boston's "Rumble," the citywide battle of the bands. Hardcore rules? Well...not quite. This Gang has gone a bit further than hardcore, more like a real loud & fast party band; to wit, "No doubt about it/Can't live without it/Alcohol!" Hardly an anthem for straightedge youth: but in Boston, where bar bands have always reigned supreme, it's the sort of guff that'll get 'em every time. For me, if I wanna hear songs about getting drunks, I'll call the Dogmatics.

DIE HALLUCINOGEN MOUSE  
"Existential Moped," Cassette

Like NJ's masters of sampled noise, SMERSH, this Asbury Park-based collective uses electronic distortion, synths, and percussion sounds to create a "music" that is at once ugly, bludgeoning, and persuasive. This is music pushed to the edge: high or low, fast or slow, there is no 'medium' - which is the message. Recorded live in Asbury Park. The next sound you hear will be Asbury Jukes fans running for their Valium. % Kevin LaMastra, Box 979, Asbury Pk, NJ 07712.

- J.T.

## Shadowmouth: Compilation One

### A SEARCH FOR SONIC WEIRDNESS

#### SHADOW MOUTH: COMPILATION ONE, LP

P.O. Box 979, Asbury Park, NJ 07712

It never ends. The search for local weirdness: Poets, storytellers, primitive electronic units and unknown psychedelic wonders are all found here. Shadowmouth is another successful NJ compilation showcasing 15 obscure, but no less worthy, solo artists and groups. To a tireless collector like myself, this comes as quite a surprise, since I am only familiar with 3 of these artists. Special thanks to Kevin LaMastra, who organized this project of mostly shore-area performers.

Although most of this material is from the darker side, there is a nice balance between different textures. Less adventurous listeners may claim to have a hard time with unaccompanied spoken word, but somehow all of these pieces work & fit together. My one & only complaint would be the somewhat cheesey production on some of these pieces.

The actual rock bands here include one of the shore's hottest punk units - the often visually and sonically energetic X-Men, who contribute a slower, garage-like song called "Paradise." It has a nice fat rockin' sound, wailin' distorted guitars and a Das Damen-like bite. Speaking of garageland, the highlight of this LP is the amazing psychedelic insanity of Laughing Soup Dish, who initials are of course... While their vocals come from the late 60's British high-harmony land, the guitar(s) create this immense haze, which threatens to totally take over. [Rumor has it that LSD recently split up, but not before releasing a 7" on Bomp/Voxx - look for it!]

From the spoken word area, we find no less than six contributions, each one different and fascinating in its own way. Besides the literary content, one begins to notice just how the sound of a voice can have a certain effect. Thomas Reiter has a most distinctive, calming voice, and tells a rather sad story. Former leader of the much-missed Secret Syde, Jon Davies, does two unaccompanied poems and both are superb in dealing with the human condition: The tribute to his hero, Syd Barrett, is heartfelt and flows freely. Gregg Brown has the most innocent-sounding voice, giving his story a melancholy feel.

Davies also forms a duo with Kevin La Mastra called (get this) Die Hallucinogen Mouse. Their "Gina Gets Her Fill" is a dazzling collage of found sounds & voices, and includes some well-placed orgiastic whimpers. Hilary Smith relates her bizarre tale in a Southern accent, and is most captivating; but I am still confused as to what exactly is happening. Harry Maxson has the sound of an old wizened sailor, while Jack Monahan ('Jacko' of Fatal Rage) spits out quick rhyming song/poems that cut right to the bone, like hardcore without music.

The other six cuts on this comp show a diverse array of electronic sounds, from the breathlessly soft to the brutally warped. On the softer side, we find Synthetic Sox, Scott Lowe (WTSR dj), and Existential Moped. Superfinemagneticparticle, whose first cassette was reviewed last issue, do another version of their "Don't Mess" with superb production. Mode/IQ close out side 2 with a tribal percussion & sci-fi drone entitled "Enchant." This is a most difficult, yet quite intriguing, collection of assorted oddities. Kevin LaMastra is looking for contributions to his next piece, which he sees as a "vinyl fanzine," so audial explorers, get in contact real soon!

- Bruce Lee Gallanter

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CONCERTS?



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CAUSIN' TROUBLE  
AT SHOWS!  
TRYING TO  
STEAL OUR  
KNIVES



WENDY EAGER,  
GUILLOTINE...  
WHAT'S THE  
BIG DEAL  
ABOUT  
"ADIDAS"?



PERRIER OFFERED  
US A DEAL, BUT  
NOTHIN' RHYMES  
WITH IT.. BESIDES,  
WE DON'T WEAR  
PERRIERS, WHATEVER  
THEY ARE

SHANE WILLIAMS, BLUE BOY...  
WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON SOCIALISM,  
POPULISM, ANARCHY, DADA, NEW COKE,  
THE "TRICKLE DOWN" THEORY, PRISON  
RAPE, AND WINSTON CHURCHILL?  
ALSO, DID YOU SEE DUSTIN HOFFMAN  
IN "DEATH OF A SALESMAN"? I HEARD  
HE WAS VERY GOOD. WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF ARTHUR MILLER? PERSONALLY, I  
THINK HE'S A GENIUS... BUT THEN...



THESE PUNKERS  
BE ILLIN', DEE...



IGNORE HIM, WE'RE  
GONNA KICK HIM OUT  
THIS MONTH ANYWAY  
I SHOULD HOPE  
SO!

HARDCORE  
AND THEN  
SOME

Moving Targets  
Burnin' In Water, LP  
Taang

Wild, fast, steel-edged rhythms racing beneath infectious post-bubblegum melodies: something new in the world of punk & that alone says a ton. This is a winner, check it out.  
Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166

Verbal Assault  
Learn, 12" EP  
Positive Force

Finally, Verbal Assault on vinyl, and it's been worth it. Produced by Ian MacKaye, this 6-song debut should find a big audience among punks waxing nostalgic for Minor Threat - but there's a fiery, original commitment to excellence at work here that transcends VA's influences, however obvious. How's this for a cogent summation of the state of the scene:

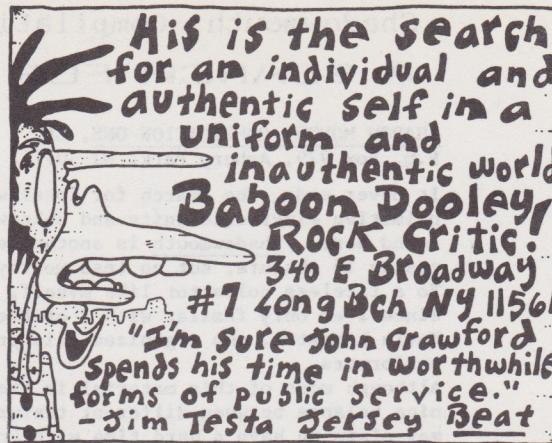
"Was all that we said & we sung  
Just silly adolescent fantasies?  
Well, maybe some of them were  
But I know that I still believe."  
With enough bands like Verbal Assault left around, so will I.

P.O. Box 9184, Reno, NV 89507

ANGST  
Mending Wall, LP  
SST

Another tube sock trying to fill the shoes of veteran SST bands. But unlike others, Angst delivers! Fun country punk - yes, they're damn close to a xerox of the Meat Puppets, but what the fuck, it works... so why not milk it for every penny they're worth?

- Cold-Iron



GREEN  
Green, LP  
709 S. Oak Park Ave, Oak Pk, IL 60304

This Chicago-area band blew town & blew those vastly overrated CMJ faves the Dead Milkmen off the stage at their Maxwell's gig. Kicking off with the trippy Beatles-on-bennies power-pop of "Gotta Getta Record Out" (as does this LP), Green displayed heart & guts and wound up their set louder & more obnoxious and 70'd out than Das Damen as their most Aerosmithesque. While this record was recorded with an earlier lineup than the one touring now, it has the same moptopped punch, centered around guitarist, singer, songwriter Jeff Lescher's passion for clever, catchy punk as defined by the 2nd British Invasion: Gen X, Boomtown Rats, Clash, etc. You can twist 'n shout to this toons or turn up the volume and drive your parents crazy. With the new lineup (now a quartet, up a member from the Green that made this album), they gotta getta 'nother record out quick!

- J.T.

CRUMBSUCKERS  
Life Of Dreams, LP  
Combat Core

As the scenes cross more & more, the might Crumsuckers emerge. "We don't want to be classified as just a hardcore band," says Chris Notaro, lead vocalist. "It's too i limiting. If you play music which combines metal & hardcore, it gives you more to work with and you appeal to a wider audience."

The Crumsuckers have been playing NY clubs for a little over a year now, and have gathered quite a large following. Their music seems to follow the same pattern as most of the HC/metal/thrash acts from NY; but don't be fooled, this album is awesome and comes across with some serious messages. And Notaro may just possibly be the greatest hardcore vocalist since early Black Flag. "Bullshit Society," "Sit There," and "Brainwashed" are among the LP's best tunes. I can't wait to hear more from L.I.'s Crumsuckers. They also get my vote for the most energetic live band. Check 'em out! You won't be sorry.

- John Lisa

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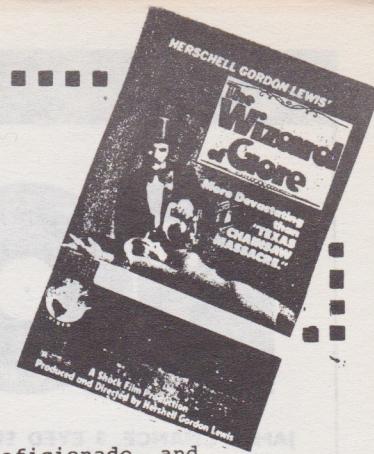
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## YAK'S PICK.....

## .....FLICKS



by Nick 'The Yak' Barracato

The Yak is a gorehound, cult-film aficionado, and a distributor. He'll be providing some pick hits available on VHS cassette. Here's this month's ghoulish installment...

### THE WIZARD OF GORE

Produced and directed by Herschell Gordon Lewis Gore film pioneer H.G. Lewis' notorious classic has been available on tape for some time now, but Continental Video has now remastered it to bring you the gut-churning special effects in clearer color! The plot concerns a magician named Montag who does a magic "act" in which young female volunteers from the audience are killed. To the audience, it looks like nothing is going on; the girls return to their seats after the act is over. But an hour later, they fall apart! I know this sounds confusing, but if you rent this classic, it won't be. If you can stand cheesey acting, editing, and a scorchingly poor soundtrack, check this one out. The special effects aren't bad for a low-budget film, and for you Gorehounds, this is EXTREMELY VIOLENT!!

### THE EMERALD JUNGLE

Directed by Umberto Lenzi

Evidently, the producers of this film wanted to cash in on The Emerald Forest's big-budget success; this flick even steals its logo! Mel Ferrer of Italian zombie movie fame stars in this story of SAVAGE cannibals. The highlight here: extreme closeups of cannibalism! The gore comes infrequently but is well done in this junk movie. The story: A Young Woman is lured into the jungle to join a weird religious cult. Her sister does not hear from her so she hires a hero cloned from Indiana Jones to follow her. Once this dude enters the jungle, he realizes that the jungle is filled with evil cannibal cultists! The leader drugs women and makes them submit to bizarre sex crimes! The film's full of graphic shots of women being hacked to pieces and eaten, following in the footsteps of 'white cannibal' classics like Dr. Butcher, MD, Trap Them & Kill Them, and Make Them Die Slowly. I love these import films and this one is full of dynamite effects. Watch for it!

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